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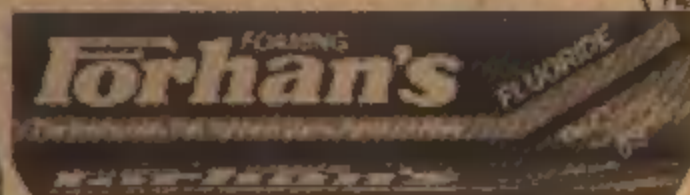
It helps me win the war against cavities!



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 I'd walked up to her
 and offered my pack
 of fresh mint
 bubble gum.
 She popped
 one in.

And she smiled

Was it my charm, or was it my bubble gum?



Foxy Foxy
 Spearmint Bubble Gum

25/88



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- IN SEARCH OF THE LOST SITA: Rama and Lakshmana are shocked to see Sita missing from their hut. The demons have temporarily triumphed.
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- THE WELL AND THE WATER: Food for laughter—through pictures again!
- A charming legend of India, Towards Better English, a Character from the Classics, Newsflash, Did You Know? Let Us Know and a bunch of absorbing stories.



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

दम्भो दर्पोऽभिमानश्च क्रोधः पारुष्यमेव च ।
अज्ञानं चाभिजातस्य पार्थ सम्पदमासुरीम् ॥

*Dambho darpobhimānashca krodhah pārūṣyamēva ca
Ajñānam cābhijātasya pārtha sampadamāsurīm*

O Partha ! Arrogance, pride, vanity, anger, rudeness and foolishness
are the characteristics of a man of demoniac nature. *The Gita*





Controlling Editor:

NAGI REDDI

Founder:

CHAKRAPANI

THE FAN THAT STOPPED

While passing through a small town a friend of ours learnt of a small incident: students of a college complained to the authorities that the fan in their Common Room had stopped working. As the authorities were not prompt in repairing it, some students broke and twisted the fan.

It could be wrong on the part of the authorities not to set the fan moving. But it was worse than wrong on the part of the students to destroy the fan. What they did was not only unlawful but also foolish because they were aggravating their own problem of not getting the air which they so urgently needed.

A generation ago most of the colleges had no fans, no such facilities. The country could still produce brilliant scholars, thinkers and brave men. Even today there are tens of thousands of children who lie on the footpath; the college and the Common Room are a dream for them. Every national property we destroy also impoverishes them further, for their well-being depends on the nation's wealth.

First, let us realise that our character and mental development do not depend on comfort and luxury; secondly let us decide to make the best use of whatever facility we have before crying for more. Let us not permanently stop the fan that had stopped only temporarily!

Thoughts to be Treasured
Idleness is the great plague of India.
—Mahatma Gandhi.

CHANDAMAMA





Carrom's played by two or four
Chinese chequer's such a bore
sick with measles, what's to be done
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NEWS FLASH



MAN'S BEST FRIEND

When a fire broke out in a tenement in Naples, Rocky, a German Shepherd dog dived into the flames and rescued his three year old mistress by pulling the little girl by her feet and clothes. But alas he died when he gallantly rushed back into the fire seeking other victims.

NAPOLEON'S SHIP

"Le Patriot", the ship containing scientific equipment for Napoleon Bonaparte's fleet had sunk off Egypt's coast on July 4, 1798, a month before the battle of the Nile. After 188 years a French minesweeper has located the exact spot of the sunken ship.



DIAL AND SNAP!

A brand-new picture phone allows callers to take black-and-white snap-shots of themselves and transmit them to each other in a matter of seconds. So it's just dial the number, comb your hair, smile and say, "Cheese".



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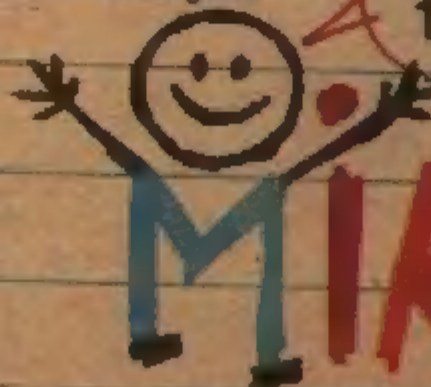
minds in the happiest way. Safe and sturdy. Bright
and strong. Toys that work — and last so long. Toys that keep you
really busy — and the prices are oh
so easy! Won't you join the

hullabaloo?
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Little Stitches
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STORY OF

RAMA

—By Manoj Das

(After Rama, Sita and Lakshmana left the forest, the heart-broken King Dasaratha died. Bharata was away from his father's uncle's court. He was shocked at the developments. Far from approving his mother's actions, he took her task and went out into the forest to persuade Rama to change his decision. Rama, of course, did not yield. Bharata returned to Ayodhya with Rama's sandals. Rama continued in his journey, on the way killing Viradha, a demon who tried to take away Sita.)

A SHADOW THROUGH SUNSHINE

A strange sight met their eyes when Rama, Sita and Lakshmana approached the hermitage of Sage Sharabhanga. A golden hue glorified the sky over the beautiful huts of the sage and his disciples. The sage stood looking skyward and

some godly figures were outlined against the brilliant light.

Needless to say, the three visitors could see the unearthly scene because they possessed a vision that was much more than mere sight.

As they came closer to the





hermitage, the vision disappeared. Rama bowed to the sage and asked him, "Who were these wondrous beings?"

"Rama! They were Indra and his companions. The king of the gods came down to inform me that I had earned a place in heaven. He was keen to take me along with him. But how could I go without playing host to you?" said the loving sage.

Soon a number of sages met Rama. "O Prince! Some demons have made the charming banks of Lake Pampa and the river Mandakini and the sweet valley of Chitrakut their regular haunts. At random they kill

innocent people who frequent these regions in search of peace and spiritual bliss. You hail from the dynasty of our protectors. Is it not your duty to rid us of this scourge?" they asked.

"It is. I shall look forward to confronting the demons," Rama assured them.

With the hermitage of Sage Sutikshna for his base, Rama visited several significant spots in the forest. Passing by a lake they heard strange music emanating from the depth of its waters. At Rama's query a sage revealed the mystery to him. Close to the lake lived a hermit named Mandakini. He could sit in meditation under the water for long. One day he saw five beautiful nymphs playing around him. He married them. Using the supernatural power he had gained through his tapasya, he created a mansion under the waters. There he lives with his wives. The music heard was produced by the nymphs.

They realised how the pathway towards God was full of dangers—and the dangers sometimes came with promises of happiness. Those who used whatever spiritual power they had gained for the satisfaction

of their desires, they were allowed to do so, but they remained far from their original goal.

Rama had heard of the great Sage Agastya and was eager to see him, now that they were not far from his hermitage. Agastya who hailed from a northern country, had settled down there for a special reason. The mountain Vindhya once picked up a quarrel with the sun. It began to grow taller and taller with the motive of checking the sun's travel from the East to the West. This caused concern to many. They requested Agastya, who was the Vindhya's guru, to

do something about it.

Agastya began his southward journey. As he approached this majestic mountain, it bowed down to him. "Remain like this till I come here again on my return journey," the sage told the mountain. The obedient disciple continued to remain in that position. The sage met with no obstruction in his journey.

And Agastya never returned! He continued to wander in the South, doing great and glorious things. The incident that Rama remembered and narrated to Sita and Lakshmana concerned the naughty demon brother Ilvala and Vatapi. Ilvala, assum-



ing the form of ■ pious Brahmin, will ■ on the look out for travellers. Whenever he saw one, he would invite him to dine with him. Vatapi, meanwhile, would have changed into a lamb. Ilvala 'will kill the lamb and prepare ■ dish out of it for the guest. As soon as the guest would have finished eating, Ilvala would say, "Vatapi, my brother, will you please come out?"

At once Vatapi would split the guest's tummy and step out. Consequently the guest would die. Whatever valuable thing he carried would become the property of the two brothers.

The demon brothers applied

the same trick ■ Sage Agastya who happened to pass through the forest. Agastya partook of the dish, but he digested Vatapi thoroughly! Ilvala was tired of calling his brother. He was surprised and then angry. He attacked the sage. But the sage, with his occult power, reduced him to ashes.

Rama, Sita and Lakshmana passed by the place that ■ once the home of the demon brothers and reached the Ashram of Agastya.

Agastya was delighted to see them. He presented Rama with certain weapons which were endowed with great power. At the



Sage's advice, the three then proceeded to the place called Panchavati.

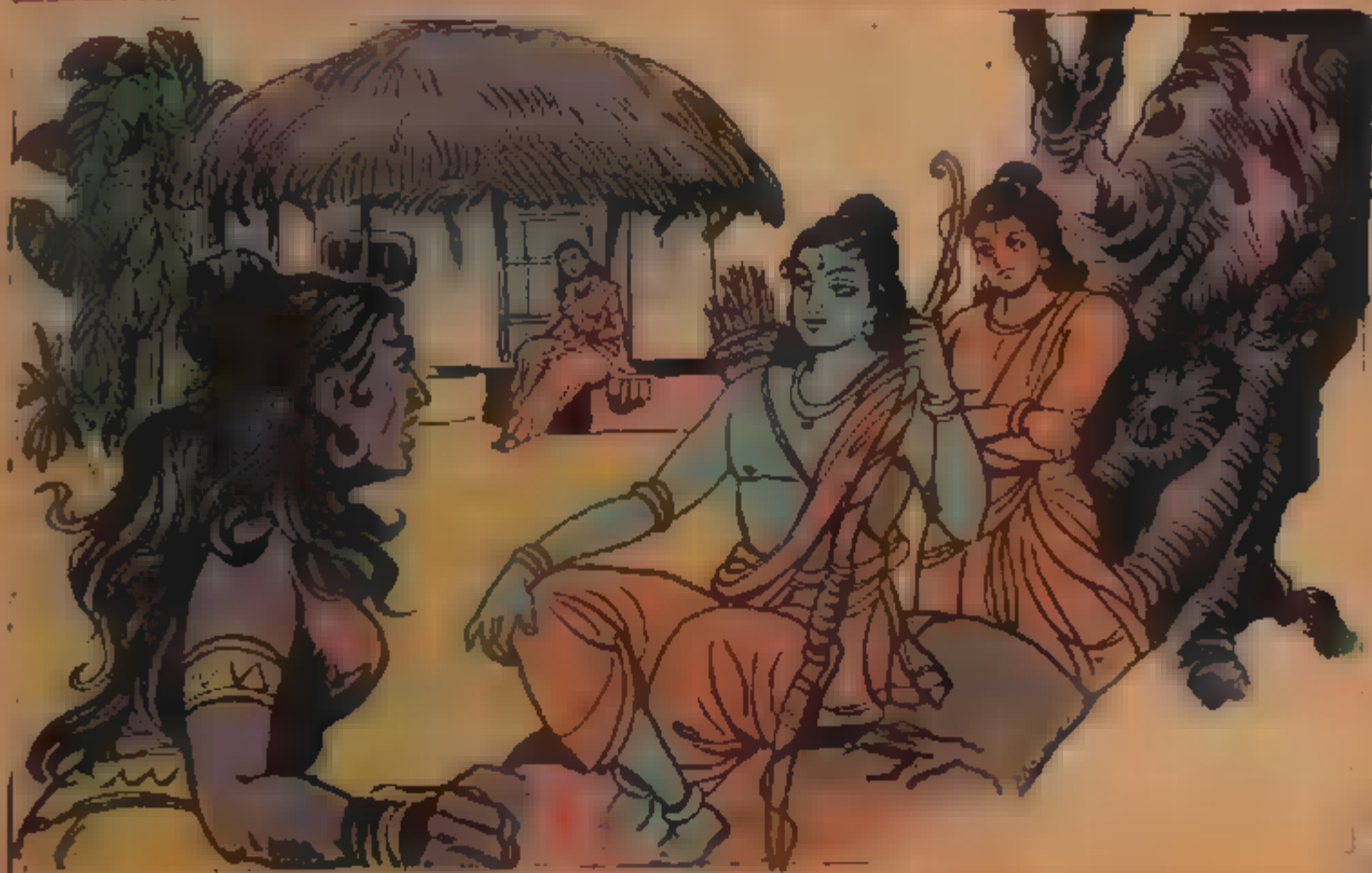
They built a spacious and beautiful hut on the bank of the sacred river Godavari. There the woods abounded in several fruit-yielding trees. Fragrant and colourful flowers made it a paradise on earth. They dreamt of passing their days happily, meditating ■ nature and meeting the hermits who lived scattered in the region.

Little did they know that they were being spied upon by a lusty demoness. She was Surpanakha, the widowed sister of the king of the demons, Ravana of

Lanka. Hiding behind thick wood she observed them time and again. She grew enamoured of Rama and jealous of Sita.

And ■ day she suddenly sprang up before Rama. "Look here, young man, let's marry. Forsake this worthless human wife. I can assume many forms to please you. I can take you here and there—to secret spots in the forest. I can bring you whatever wealth you may desire to have. What more do you need?" she said abruptly. Lust and pride made her forget how ugly she looked, how crude her words sounded.

Sita was scared of her and





Lakshmana was aghast. But Rama smiled benignly and, pointing his finger at Lakshmana, said, "I'm with my wife whereas that brother of mine, not inferior to me in any respect, is alone. Should you not propose to him?"

Surpanakha surveyed Lakshmana. The proposal sounded quite acceptable to her. She advanced towards him, but Lakshmana's outright rejection of her overtures disappointed her.

She came to quick decisions. Rama was not entertaining her offer because Sita was there. What reason can he have to reject her if Sita was removed

from the scene? It is so easy to devour her!

She rushed towards Sita with menacing gestures. But before she had been able to lay her hand on the petrified princess, Lakshmana intervened. His sword cut off bits of the demoness's nose and ears.

Giving out an earth-shattering cry Surpanakha ran to her brothers, Khara and Dushana, who camped in the forest. They rushed upon Rama and Lakshmana, but were dispelled.

They came again only to get killed. That was their due, for they had been harassing or killing the innocent forest-dwellers for long.

Surpanakha now fled to the citadel of her famous elder brother, Ravana, in the island of Lanka. She aroused sympathy in the heart of the monarch of the demons by showing him her disfigured face. On the other hand, she aroused his lust by assuring him that he cannot ever imagine of a more beautiful woman than Sita and that he should prove his merit by winning her!

Ravana was surprised that crafty and mighty demons like

Khara and Dushana should be vanquished by ■ ■ ■ mortal. He decided to ■ ■ bit cautiously in the matter of taking revenge on Rama.

He summoned Maricha, ■ demon who had specialised in the art of assuming the form of any creature. He told the wizard-demon his plan and sought his help. Maricha was reluctant, but when he realised that his refusal to obey Ravana would mean his death, he decided to die in Rama's hands. He had ■ idea about Rama's greatness.

He changed himself into a deer—a golden one at that—so that whosoever ■ him could not take away his or her eyes off him. He roamed ■ Rama's hut and in no time attracted Sita's attention.

She was fascinated. "Can't you capture that wonderful deer

for me?" She appealed to Rama.

Rama wondered at the golden deer. For a moment he suspected deception, for the demons could perform many tricks. However, as Sita was fascinated by the deer, he decided to go out for it.

"Remain alert and guard Sita," he told Lakshmana as he pursued the deer.

The deer eluded his grasp and moved farther and farther into the forest. Exasperated, Rama shot ■ arrow at it. As it stumbled and fell dying, it changed into what ■ really was the—demon Maricha.

And it did not forget to give the final touch ■ its mischief: it cried aloud, imitating Rama's voice, "Oh Sita! Oh Lakshmana!" To ■





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA.

MIRACLE AT THE RIVER

Ram and Jiwan were brothers. Ram was humble and devoted to his parents. They were poor. That is why the boys could not go to the town for study. After they had learnt whatever they could at the village school, they were required to work for their livelihood. Ram took to his father's profession. That was to ferry travellers from one side of the river to the other side.

Ram wished Jiwan to help him in the work. But Jiwan was an ambitious lad. He was not interested in any physical work. But whenever there was any opportunity to attract others' attention, he did not let it slip

by.

But such opportunities were not many in the village. One day a man who called himself a yogi visited the village. He had power to perform miracles. He hung his stick in the air itself—without the support of a hook or anything else to bear its weight.

He was taken to be a holy man. The villagers flocked to him. Many touched his feet and many offered him food and money.

Jiwan was excited. Only if he could perform any such astounding thing!

Without informing anybody, Jiwan left the village with the yogi. Afterwards news reached his family that he and the yogi were heading towards the Himalaya.

"Maybe he has lost all interest in the worldly affairs. He is looking for God," his father

said.

"Maybe," agreed Jiwan's mother.

"Maybe" said Ram. "We should be happy if he gets enlightenment."

Years passed—twenty years Ram's parents were no more. One morning he heard that a great yogi had arrived at the Zamindar's house. The Zamindar was treating him like a king. He had disclosed his identity. He was no other than Jiwan!

Jiwan now wore long loose garments and had cultivated a beard too. He spoke few words and spoke proudly. He had promised to perform some great miracles.

Ram ran to the Zamindar's house to meet his younger brother. There sat Jiwan—on a throne-like seat. Only the Zamindar occupied another chair. All the others sat on the floor. From time to time some people touched Jiwan's feet.

Ram did not know whether to bow to the holy man or not. He stood looking agape at his younger brother who now became a celebrity. Jiwan only gave him a nod of recognition; he did nothing more than that.

Then Jiwan stood up. The



Zamindar and the others followed suit.

"Let us proceed to the riverbank. I will show you my powers there!" said Jiwan in a grave tone. The crowd, led by the Zamindar, followed him with great expectations.

The river was a mile away. On reaching there everybody looked to the holy man. They were expecting the promised great miracle.

But Jiwan looked pale. "Where is the water?" he asked.

It was the midst of summer and the river had temporarily dried up, except for patches of toe-deep water here and there.

"What for do you need water?" asked the Zamindar.

"I could have shown my miracle. I could have crossed the river walking over the stream!" said Jiwan haltingly.

"We ■■■ interested in what you could have done. Can you do anything now?" asked the Zamindar who was beginning ■ regret walking a mile under ■ severe sun.

Jiwan kept quiet. "Let's go," said the Zamindar with contempt. He turned and walked away without asking his guest, Jiwan, to follow him. The crowd dispersed, not without making sarcastic comments on Jiwan.

"Come home," Ram told Jiwan. "Never mind what they say." Both the brothers began plodding through the dry riverbed.

"So, you learnt to walk over the waters of a river during the last twenty years! What more did you learn?" asked Ram after a while.

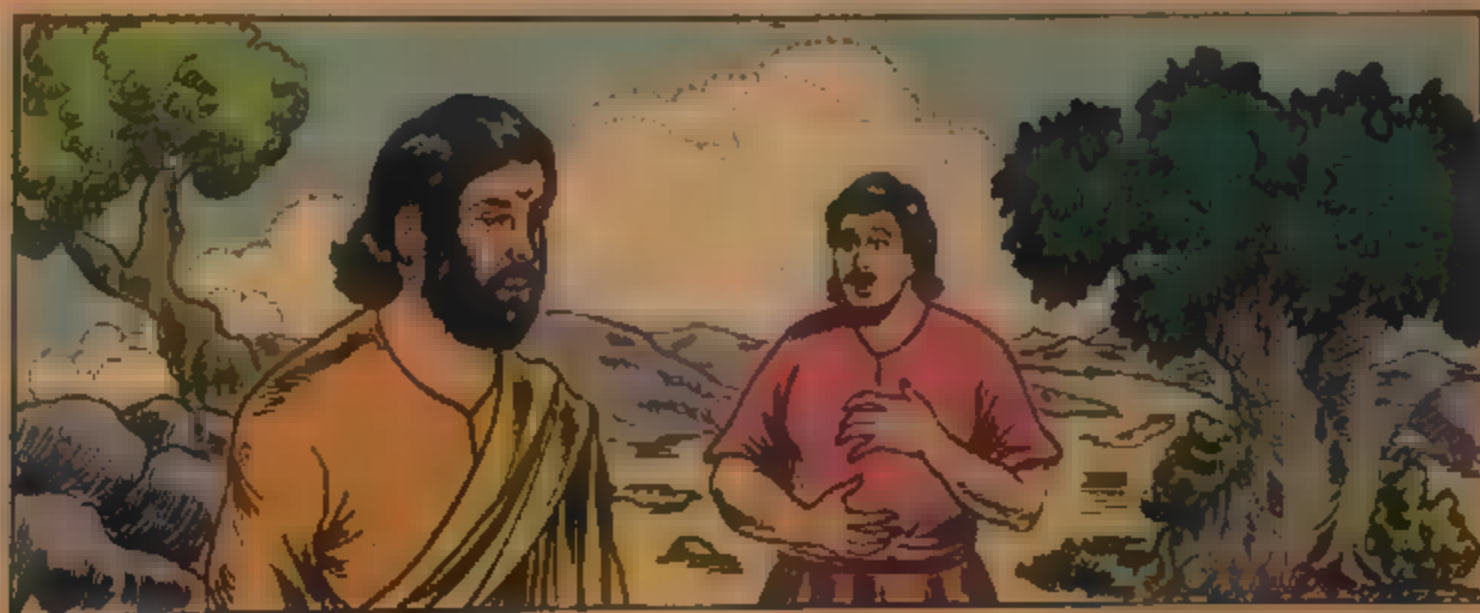
Jiwan made no answer. It was clear that he had not learnt anything else.

"My brother!" said Ram sadly, "Should you have devoted twenty years of your life to do something which anybody can do by paying a paisa to the boatman? We thought that you were searching for God!"

Jiwan continued to be glum and silent.

"Never mind, my brother, we are well off now, with my two ■■■ working in the fields. Relax for a few days and we will fix up ■■■ work for you," said Ram again.

Jiwan nodded assent.





A Folktale

MEN AND SPIRITS

In the village of Haripur lived Shambhu. He grew all sorts of vegetables and fruits in the backyard of his house and managed to make both ends meet by selling these in the nearby town.

One day Shambhu got delayed in town. Darkness had already set in by the time he hurried homewards. On the way it suddenly started to rain. Shambhu quickly ■ to take shelter under a big tamarind tree. Suddenly he saw fire under another tamarind tree in the distance. Three spirits sat talking around the bright fire. They looked gloomy. A frightened cry escaped Shambhu's mouth. At the sound of his cry the strange creatures began to laugh.

"Come, ■ and sit beside the fire and warm yourself. Are you not from Haripur? Can you

tell us what important things are going to happen in your village tomorrow?" they asked.

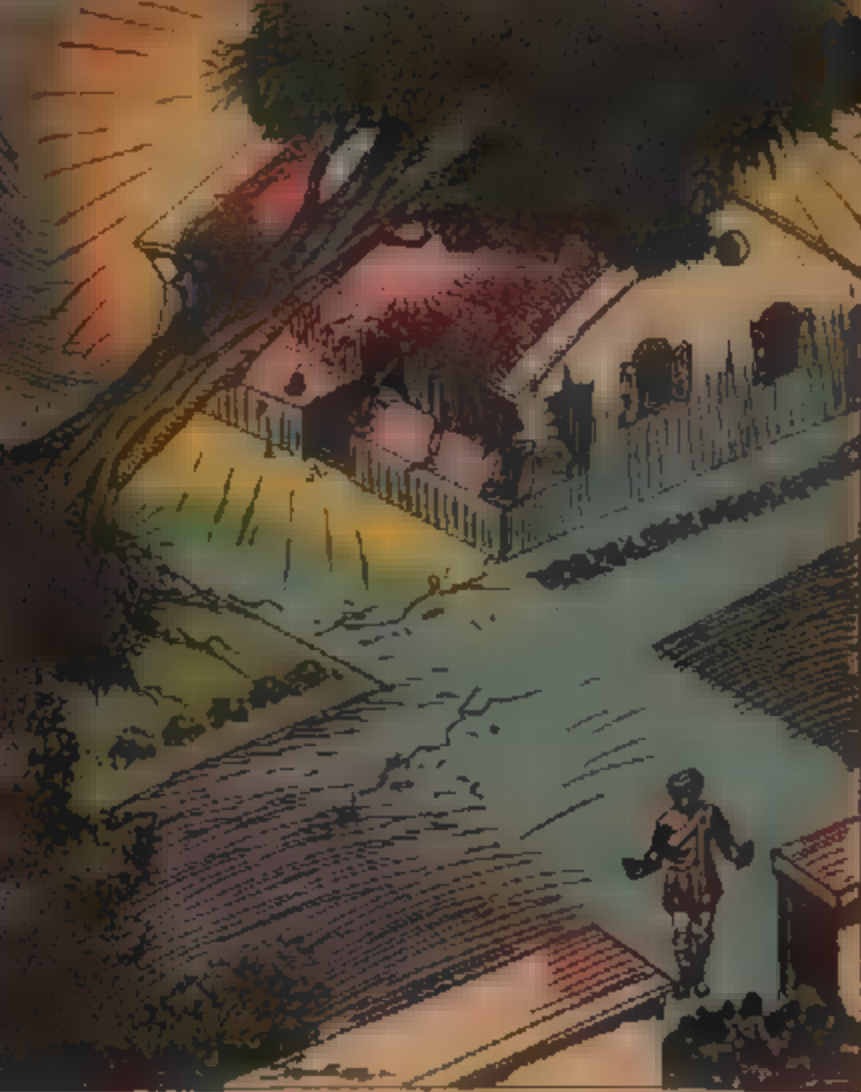
Their warm welcome gave Shambhu courage to join them around the fire. "No," he answered, "I'm not an astrologer. How can I say?"

"Then listen carefully to us," said the spirits.

The first one swallowed ■ mouthful of fire and said, "The neem tree in your village school has been dangerously leaning to the right. Tomorrow it will crash ■ the school roof!"

The second one placed a handful of fire on his head and said, "Tomorrow evening the elephant pulling the deity's car will suddenly go mad!"

The third one put his face into the fire and said, "Tomorrow night the embankments of your lake will burst!"



And then, before Shambhu's very eyes, the spirits along with the fire disappeared into thin air.

After the rain stopped Shambhu returned to his village and went straight to the headmaster of the school and told him of the spirits' prophecy. In the morning the frightened headmaster declared the school closed and sent all the children back home. Hardly had the children left when with a thundering crash, the neem tree came down on the school roof smashing a great part of the old house.

News spread about the truth of the spirits' prediction. People

flocked to Shambhu's house to hear more. He told them of the second spirit's warning. The villagers wasted no time in taking the temple elephant into the jungles. Then they left him tied in iron fetters. In the evening it was reported that the elephant had truly gone mad. It had broken its shackles and rushed madly deeper into the jungles.

By this time Shambhu had already told the villagers of the third spirit's warning. The village people armed with basketful of mud and pebble went to the lake. Late in the night it started to rain. The lake quickly filled up with water. Suddenly, on one side the embankment cracked. But the people were ready and they immediately filled the crack and reinforced it with fresh plaster and pebbles.

The villagers of Haripur were in a jubilant mood. They filled Shambhu's house with all kinds of presents. But the villagers were not satisfied.

"Shambhu, you have saved us only from one day's calamities. What about tomorrow? Please go and ask your spirit friends."

The next evening Shambhu went into the tamarind grove and waited fearlessly for the

spirits to appear.

"Didn't what we'd said come true?" they asked suddenly appearing before Shambhu.

"They did. All the three things that you had predicted happened. The village folk have sent me to ask you what you have to say for tomorrow," said Shambhu.

One of the spirits took a piece of flaming coal and keeping it on his palm said, "There will be dacoity in the zamindar's house tomorrow!"

Another said, "Tomorrow the village headman's daughter is getting married. A lizard will fall in the sweet preparations made for the bridegroom's people." So saying the spirits became invisible again.

Shambhu hastened back to warn the village folk of tomorrow's predictions. Due care and precautions were taken the next day at the zamindar's and the headman's house. The dacoits came but fled. The lizard was detected and the preparation thrown away.

Overnight Shambhu became popular. People visited him in great numbers. Some came with different gifts and some with money. Shambhu no longer



needed to go to the nearby town to sell vegetables. He had everything he wanted.

One early morning the zamindar of Haripur came to Shambhu and said "Brother, please be kind enough to ask the spirits when I shall be blessed with a son. Here, take fifty gold coins as advance."

Soon after came a gentleman from the neighbouring village of Ambapur and said, "I'm an ordinary businessman. My forefathers were rich merchants. So my wife wants me to be a merchant too. Will you please ask the spirits if I'll make a successful merchant? Please



accept these fifty gold coins for your services.”

Many other village folk came to Shambhu with their problems. By the end of the day Shambhu had five hundred coins. That night he went to the tamarind grove with the money in a bag.

“Come, come,” said the spirits who were already sitting around a fire. Shambhu approached them and said.

“I have something new to suggest. Zamindars, business- and ordinary men alike come to me with their problems so that I would bring them answers from you. On this piece

of paper is a list of questions. You have to provide answers for each of them. It's a deal. Here, take this bag of money for the beginning. It's a good business. I don't have to work anymore for a living.”

The moment Shambhu finished what he had to say the spirits tore the piece of paper with the questions and along with the money bag threw the shreds into the fire. Their faces were red with anger. “You fool, don't come back here again. Even if you do, you won't be able to see us any more.” Then the spirits disappeared.

Shambhu stood rooted to his spot. The spirits were gone and so had the money people had given him in advance for the answers to their problems. How was he to return it to them? All night he sat there, thinking and thinking.

Early next morning an elderly pilgrim was passing through the tamarind grove. Seeing Shambhu he stopped and asked, “Son, why do you look so sad and troubled?”

Shambhu blurted out the whole story and wondered why the spirits got annoyed with him. The elderly man said,

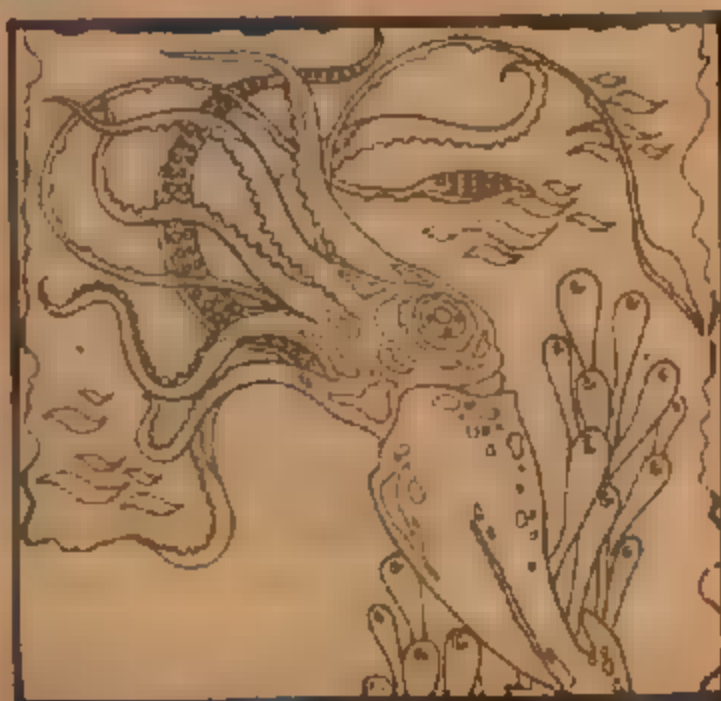
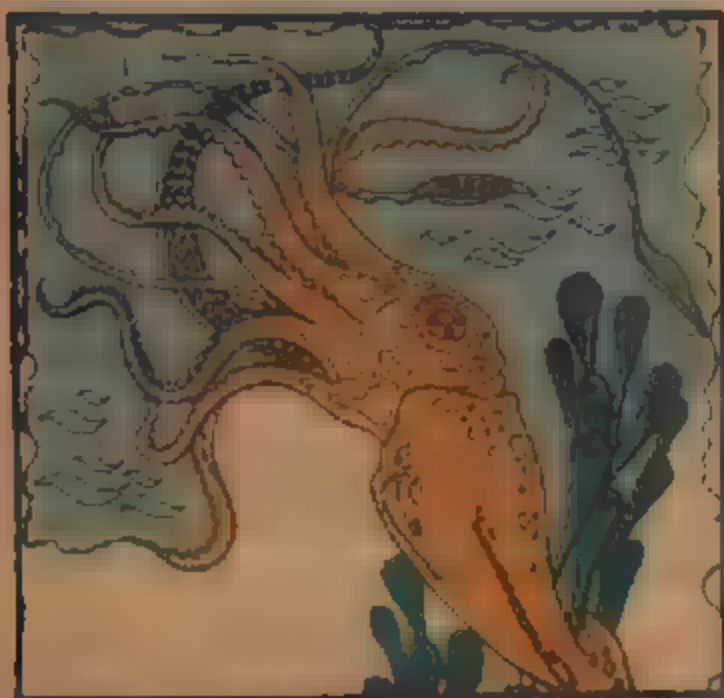


"Son, didn't you know that the spirits have no need of money? In their human birth they must have done some wrong deeds. That's why they are haunting the forests. They wanted to atone for their sins by doing something good but you spoil their mood by offering them money for their help. That's

why they became angry."

Shambhu went back home soothed by the pilgrim's kind words, he returned to those people whatever money he could and started life anew by working hard. With time the memory of the spirits faded and Shambhu thought of it only as an uncomfortable dream.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





A Folktale

Will you bury a priest

Bhilu's father was not poor, but, upon his death, his three elder sons cleverly kept the major shares of his property to themselves, leaving a hut and a cow to Bhilu. It was not because they were cruel to Bhilu, but because they knew that in no time Bhilu will lose everything.

Well, that was Bhilu's reputation! He was a simpleton who acted foolishly.

One morning Bhilu was seen going out with his cow.

"Where are you going?" one of his brothers asked him.

"To the market. I want to sell my cow," replied Bhilu.

"Is it not giving milk everyday?" asked the brother.

"Yes, of course, but I sell the milk for only quarter of a rupee. That is little money. I have decided to sell the cow for a

thousand rupees. That will be a lot of money," replied Bhilu.

His brothers knew that it was no use telling him that nobody will buy his cow for a thousand rupees. In those days, the highest price a cow could fetch was fifty rupees.

Bhilu took a short-cut through the forest. Two bandits were hiding behind a tree. One of them said to the other, "Here comes a nice cow!" Bhilu who had keen ears heard this. But by the time he came near the tree the two bandits had slipped into a bush. He looked here and there but saw none. He concluded that it was the tree who had spoken.

"If you think that the cow is nice, why don't you buy it?" Bhilu asked the tree.

In the breeze the tree made a

rustling sound. Bhilu took it to be the tree's readiness to negotiate with him.

"Well, I should demand one thousand and five hundred rupees for this nice cow. But since you are a gentlemanly tree, I won't mind giving it to you for just a thousand rupees," said Bhilu, trying to be clever.

The leaves of the tree rustled again. Bhilu took the sound to be its consent. "All right. Take it." He tied the cow to the tree-trunk. "Now, come on. Pay me." There was rustle again. Bhilu interpreted it as the tree's request to him to wait till the next day.

"All right. I'll be back tomorrow. Feed the cow properly. Its milk is like nectar."

Bhilu returned home sooner than expected. "Did you sell the cow?" his brothers asked him.

"I did!" answered Bhilu proudly.

"At what price?"

"Did I not tell you that I will not sell it for less than a thousand rupees?"

"Where is the money?"

"I'll get it tomorrow."

Bhilu went out into the forest the next day. The cow had been



taken away by somebody. He demanded of the old tree his dues. As there was no result, he got angry and struck the tree with his staff. The tree broke and from its hollow a handful of gold coins fell down. Needless to say, some bandits had hidden the wealth there.

Bhilu took only ten gold coins, for he knew that one gold coin was equal to a hundred rupees.

"Who paid you in gold?" his brothers asked him with surprise when he was back home.

"The tree. It was offering more out of fear. But I did not take more," replied Bhilu.



The brothers got curious. Bhilu led them to the tree. They found a lot of gold coins there. "Look, Bhilu, it is not proper to refuse the tree what it is paying. Let us take all this," they said. Then they made four bundles of the coins and carried them home.

"Don't say a word of it to anybody," the brothers warned Bhilu. Bhilu nodded.

Soon the village priest, who was going into the forest, saw them. "What is the matter? What are you carrying?" the inquisitive priest asked.

"Some fruits," said the brothers.

"Oh no, gold, gold!" said Bhilu. "How can we lie to the priest? Hadn't our late father told us that one should not lie before ■ Brahmin?" Bhilu opened his bundle and showed the gold coins to the priest.

The greedy priest at once picked up two handfuls of gold coins from the bundle. That infuriated Bhilu. He struck him ■ the head with the butt of his axe. It so happened that the priest fell dead!

"What did you do, you fool!" his brothers shouted.

"What is wrong in my striking him? Didn't our father say that for a priest to be greedy was sinful? I punished him for his sin. ■ did not ask him to die!" said Bhilu.

They buried the priest there. But, at night, the three elder brothers thought that it was unsafe to leave the priest there, for Bhilu might show the place to the villagers. They came at night and unearthed the priest's body and threw it into the river. They found ■ dead goat which they buried at the old spot.

Next day the villagers began to worry about the priest.

"Why! We buried him in the



forest!" announced Bhilu.

The villagers were intrigued. "Can you show us the spot?" they asked.

Bhilu immediately led them to the spot and himself started digging there.

"Didn't the priest have a small beard?" he asked when the goat's beard was unearthed.

"Of course, he had," agreed the villagers.

"Right. Hadn't he a pair of ears?"

"Surely!"

"Good. Hadn't he a pair of horns?"

"What? Horns? Do you mean

that the priest had horns?" asked the surprised villagers.

"Of course, he had! ■ he did not have, he has grown them meanwhile!" said Bhilu, now fully exposing the goat. Then he added, "Now I understand that when you bury ■ priest, he turns into ■ goat!"

The villagers laughed and dispersed, cursing Bhilu for wasting their time.

The elder brothers thereafter took charge of Bhilu and were always alert to see that he did not go anywhere alone or did not do anything without their knowledge.

The criminal is the product of spiritual starvation. Some one failed miserably to bring him to know God, love Him and serve Him.

Edgar Hoover



THE LUCKY LAD

In the village of Chandrapur lived a farmer named Mohan Das and his son Kishan. Kishan's mother had died when he was still a baby. So Mohan Das had brought him up with a lot of love and care. He believed that his son would one day become a great man, incomparable in intelligence.

Years passed by. Kishan grew up to be a young man of twenty but he never once showed any sign of intelligence. One day Mohan Das called his son to him and said, "Kishan, I had great expectations that you would one day become an exceptionally brilliant boy. But it seems my over-indulgence and affection have spoilt you and made your mind dull and sluggish."

"Father, if you call me a dullard then who's the most

intelligent youth in our village? Tell me how I should prove my intelligence and I'll do it!" said Kishan.

Mohan Das thought for a while. "I have a lambskin with me. Go and sell it in the market."

"Is that all?" asked Kishan. "I'll do it first thing tomorrow and get a good price for it."

Mohan Das laughed. "Anybody can sell the lambskin and bring back some money in return. That's nothing to boast about your intelligence. If you truly want to prove that you are intelligent, you'll bring back both the lambskin and the money it's worth."

Without a moment's thought Kishan said, "Yes. By tomorrow evening I'll give you the lambskin along with its price."

Early the next morning, with all confidence, Kishan went to the village market to sell the lambskin.

"How much for the lambskin?" ■ ■ ■ asked.

"Very cheap. But I'll sell the lambskin ■ ■ one condition. I'll take it back immediately after I've sold it," said Kishan straightforwardly.

The man burst out laughing. "This is ridiculous. I hope you're lucky enough to find a fool who would pay for the lambskin but leave it behind for you."

Many others asked Kishan for the lambskin and they all went away laughing the moment they heard Kishan's foolish request. Kishan's feet ached from roaming in vain in search of a buyer. Suddenly he caught sight of a large crowd. Kishan elbowed his way through the throng of people and at the centre found ■ ■ magician showing tricks. The magician approached Kishan and said, "What a lovely lambskin! If you'll give it to me for ■ ■ minute, I'll show you an incredible trick." Kishan gave his lambskin to the magician who put it on the ground and co-



vered it with a piece of cloth.

"Brothers, let your applause, like thunder, fill the air," said the magician. People instantly started clapping their hands energetically. The magician pulled off the piece of cloth. And lo and behold! the lambskin had vanished and in its place was ■ ■ tiny mango tree with ■ ■ single mango hanging from its branches. A greater applause followed. People turned to ■ ■ another with wide eyes to acknowledge the miracle. Kishan himself looked at the mango tree and wondered how the magician had done it in front of their very eyes! Soon he remem-



bered his lambskin. He looked here and there but the magician had simply disappeared.

Kishan's face darkened with shame and sorrow. How would he face his father with empty hands? He had boasted that he would bring back the lambskin along with its price but now he had only proved himself a fool. His stomach churned with hunger. "Let me at least eat the mango," he thought. The moment he touched the mango it vanished and instead in his hand he felt the soft fleece of the lambskin. Kishan happily put the lambskin on his shoulder and started homewards.

"Tomorrow I'll surely find a buyer," he said to himself.

The sun was hurrying towards the west taking all the daylight away with it. Kishan heard a shout behind him. He turned to find the magician.

"Thank you for lending me your lambskin. The last magic turned out to be a real success. I'm not an ordinary magician. I can go into the future too. I want to help you."

"How?" asked Kishan.

"On the way if you meet any woman, ask after her health and well-being, will you?" So saying the magician took another road leaving Kishan alone on his way back home.

In a short while Kishan came across a young girl standing in front of a house.

"I hope everyone at home is in good health," Kishan inquired cheerfully.

"Yes, everyone is fine," answered the girl.

One question led to another and soon they were engaged in merry conversation. The girl's name was Radha. When Radha came to know that Kishan hadn't eaten anything all day she immediately invited him in

and gave him something to eat. While Kishan ate, Radha asked him about the lambskin and he sadly answered, "My father told me that if I am clever I'll bring back the skin along with the money it's worth. But who'll be gullible enough to pay for it and not take it?"

"I've got an idea," said Radha. "I buy it from you." She quickly pulled out a few hairs from the lambskin and then returned it to Kishan. "Here, take this money for the lambskin. You've got both the things you need—the lambskin and the money. And I've kept a few hairs. I could do so because I bought it."

Kishan thanked Radha and putting the lambskin over his shoulder, happily started for

home.

Mohan Das all smiles when his son returned him the skin along with a good sum of money. But when Kishan told him the whole day's story he said, "My son, it is not your intelligence but Radha's sympathy that has saved you. Why don't you marry her if she is willing? I'll rest in peace knowing you are in responsible hands."

The next day Kishan went back to Radha's house. He let her know of his father's wish. Radha agreed to the proposal. In a few days time Mohan Das celebrated Kishan's marriage with Radha amidst great rejoicing by relatives and friends.

"All I can say is, you are a lucky lad! Mohan Das whispered in his son's ear."



WORLD OF SPORT

ICE
HOCKEY

A FORM OF ICE HOCKEY WAS PLAYED IN HOLLAND IN THE 17TH CENTURY. THE MODERN GAME ORIGINATED IN THE CANADIAN CITIES OF KINGSTON AND MONTREAL IN 1860.



*American
style*

THE CROUCHING STYLE OF RIDING ADOPTED BY MODERN JOCKEYS WAS INTRODUCED INTO EUROPE BY AMERICAN JOCKEYS IN THE LATE 19TH CENTURY.

'WINGS' WERE FIRST USED ON FORMULA ONE RACING CARS IN THE BELGIUM GRAND PRIX OF 1968. THE PURPOSE WAS TO INCREASE DOWN THRUST ON THE DRIVING WHEELS, THUS IMPROVING ACCELERATION AND ROAD HOLDING.

THE FIRST 'WINGS'



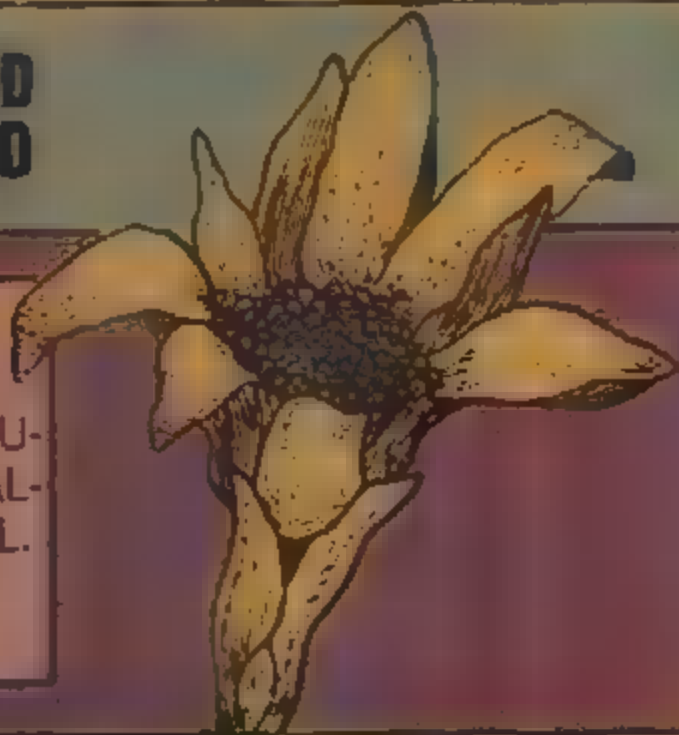


Dryest Place

THE WORLD'S DRYEST PLACE IS THE ATACAMA DESERT IN CHILE. THERE HAS BEEN NO SIGNIFICANT RAINFALL FOR 400 YEARS.

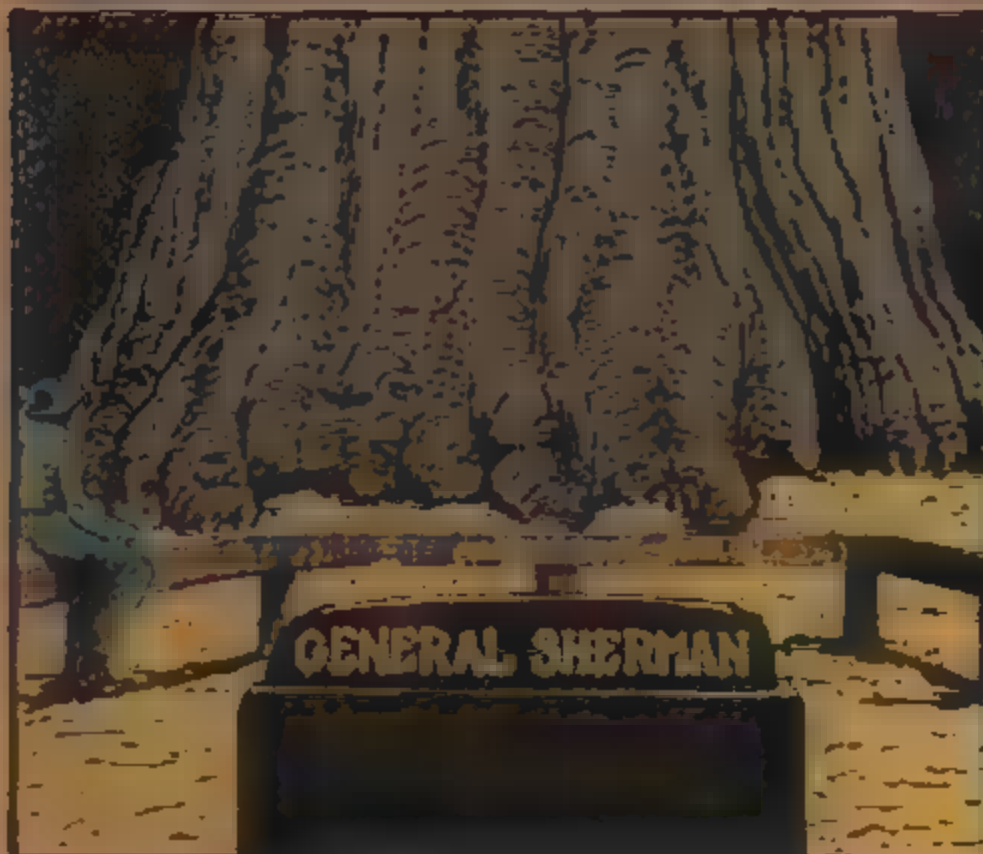
UNDERGROUND ORCHID

RHIZANTHELLIA GARDNERI IS AN AUSTRALIAN ORCHID WHICH ACTUALLY FLOWERS BENEATH THE SOIL.



MOST MASSIVE THING

THE MOST MASSIVE LIVING THING IS A CALIFORNIAN BIG TREE (SEQUOIA DENRON GIGANTEUM) NICK-NAMED GENERAL SHERMAN. IT IS 272 FT. (83M) HIGH WITH A GIRTH OF 79.1 FT. (24.11M) AND WEIGHS 2145 TONS (2030 TONNES).





WHERE TO BE SILENT

Commander-in-Chief Veeramalla of Rajpur Kingdom, suddenly passed away. He was brave, intelligent, efficient and above all very loyal to the king. His death ■■■ a great blow to King Indrasen. The king almost broke down under the stress. Who would succeed the late officer to the lofty post? Indrasen had three people from the army in mind.

At this time, the Commander-in-Chief of Rohitnagar, Ajit Singh, paid a visit to King Indrasen. The kingdom of Rajpur and Rohitnagar shared a strong bond of friendship. Ajit Singh had come with a message that the neighbouring kingdom of Birampur was preparing to launch ■■■ attack on them. Ajit Singh had ■■■ to seek advice from King Indrasen on behalf of his own king.

"My Lord," said Ajit Singh, "Our kingdoms have been friendly to each other since a long time. Now ■ third kingdom is ready to attack us. You are the elder. Our king will not take a step without your advice. It is for this that my king has sent me to you."

King Indrasen said, "Ajit Singh, you must surely know that my beloved and trusted Commander-in-Chief had died untimely. Since his death I've been in ■ great dilemma. I do not know who should succeed him. I have three men in mind."

"Of course, I'll assist you! Let's call the three men one by one this evening," said Ajit.

That evening King Indrasen and Ajit Singh first called a man named Suryasen.

"We have been informed by a spy that the neighbouring king-

dom is planning to attack this kingdom. Can you tell us the strength of their army and ■■■ too?" asked Ajit Singh.

Suryasen immediately rattled off all the details of number.

Next came Sanjay. He too, when asked, gave all the details without any hesitation.

Lastly came Vikram. He spoke of the neighbouring army at length but when it came to the details of his own army, he hesitated and could provide little information. Ajit Singh dismissed them and then turned ■ King Indrasen.

"My Lord, Vikram is the best man to be your commander-in-chief!"

"Vikram?" asked the king in surprise. "How ■ he be the worthiest of the three when he doesn't have enough knowledge of his own army?"

Ajit Singh laughed and re-

plied, "It is because I am an outsider that Vikram didn't disclose all the facts. You ■ ask him for yourself."

After Ajit Singh returned to his own kingdom, King Indrasen asked Vikram, "You knew all the details of the neighbouring kingdom. But of your own you hardly knew anything. How is that?" demanded the king.

"My Lord," said Vikram humbly, "Our kingdom and the kingdom of Rohitnagar are still friends. But who knows if things will ■ remain the same? So, in my opinion it is unwise to speak out all the details of our army in front of another kingdom's commander."

King Indrasen was very happy with Vikram's wise answer. He immediately made him his commander-in-chief.



THE ONE-EYED ■■■

Habib had lost one eye. One day the son of a wealthy man, ■■■ notorious loafer teased him, saying, "My friend, I bet, you ■■■ only half of what I ■■■ don't you?"



Habib caught hold of ■■■ young man and said, "I see twice of what you see!" The loafer shouted, "How dare you ■■■ such a lie!" They quarrelled ■■■ collected a crowd.

The loafer agreed ■■■ ■■■ hundred mohurs if ■■■ could prove his claim. "How many ■■■ do you ■■■ in me?" asked Habib. "Only ■■■ eye!" replied the loafer.



"But I see two eyes in you while you see one in me!" said Habib. The crowd laughed and the wealthy loafer had to pay the promised amount.





New Tales of King
Vikram and the Vampire

THE MAGIC STONE

Dark ■ the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of thunderclaps and the howling and moaning of jackals and hyenas could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse ■ lying on his shoulders, the vampire that possessed the corpse, said, "O King, despite repeated failure in your continuous efforts you still haven't lost the courage to persevere. I hope it ■ not the sign of an eccentric mind. Sometimes even saints and the like are caught up in a whirl of eccentricity. Let ■ cite ■ example. Pay attention. It might bring you some relief."



The Vampire went on:

Long ago in the city of Brahmapur lived two businessmen named Haridas and Kumarsingh. Haridas was well-known for his honesty. He was always helping people tide over their difficulties. The townsfolk looked upon him with love and respect. In times of trouble they used to seek his generous advice and always during the festivals they used to send gifts to his house as a token of their gratitude. But Kumarsingh's nature spelt dislike. He was a dishonest fellow to the back-bone. All his efforts were concentrated on gathering more wealth by hook

or by crook. He had no sympathy for others and he never shared another man's sorrow. Kumarsingh was pleased with his lucrative business but his aged father Veersingh was not happy with his son's dishonest dealings. Many times he had told Kumarsingh, "Money gained by making others unhappy will not give you lasting happiness. What's the use of making money if one cannot eventually live in peace and happiness?" And always his son used to turn a deaf ear to his words.

"Father, you've become old. Why do you trouble yourself with my business ways? Whatever I do is in accordance with the principles of business. Your rules of good and bad and of justice and injustice don't apply to them!"

"You're mistaken my son. There's no work in life that is not connected with righteousness or truthfulness," Veersingh used to say with a heavy sigh. But Kumarsingh would pretend not to have heard anything at all.

One day Veersingh went into the forest to meet a great sage who, it was said, was capable of

changing people's minds. Veersingh told the sage about his son.

"Your ■ has not paved a path of falsehood for him alone. Others will follow suit seeing that corruption brings money faster. More people fall prey to bad influence and very few follow ■ good man's example. Send your son to me. I will try and bring him to the righteous path," said the sage.

Veersingh thanked the sage profusely and went home and asked his son to go to the sage. Kumarsingh agreed readily for he expected ■ profit from the sage's miraculous powers.

When the sage saw Kumars-

ingh, he said, "Son, do you have anything to ask for?"

"Yes, Sir. I want more wealth," said Kumarsingh promptly.

The great sage's face wrinkled with laughter. "As you wish. There's a cave in the mountain you see in the north. In that cave are to be found magic stones. Whatever metal you touch with that stone that metal will turn into gold."

"Really? I shall go immediately. But how am I to recognize that stone?" Kumarsingh eagerly asked.

"You won't recognize it if you go all alone. But if you take ■





righteous man who is always benevolent and compassionate to others along with you, then the stone will shine forth in front of your eyes!"

Kumarsingh returned home after taking leave of the sage. "Who could be more righteous, benevolent and compassionate than Haridas?" he thought to himself. So he went straight to Haridas.

"Brother, there is ■ deity in ■ cave in the mountains," he lied. "I have been asked by ■ great sage to do obeisance to that deity. I'm afraid of going alone. Will you accompany me?"

Needless to say, Haridas

being the good Samaritan, agreed. Together they crossed a dense forest and reached the cave. It was dark as pitch inside. As soon ■ they entered, the mouth of the cave closed by itself. Haridas and Kumarsingh went deeper into the cave. It wasn't dark anymore. It was illumined by a few radiating stones that jutted out from here and there.

"These must be the magic stones," thought Kumarsingh. Just then a bellowing laughter was heard. There appeared a figure. Kumarsingh was struck with terror.

"My friend has come to do obeisance to ■ deity. Who are you?" Haridas gently demanded.

The figure guffawed. "What deity? There's no one here except ■ and some magic stones. I will be delivered of my curse if I give ■ piece of magic stone to a truly worthy man."

Kumarsingh suddenly found his voice and said, "Then give me the magic stone."

The figure roared with laughter. "You? Do you know the number of sins you have committed? Only the other day you

forcefully claimed ■ old lady's house. Of course, I can give the magic stone to Haridas."

"What good has Haridas done?" asked Kumarsingh blinded with jealousy.

"You ask what? It was he who first gave the poor old lady shelter," replied the figure.

"But the zamindar afterwards gave her ■ small house! In that case the zamindar is ■ greater man than Haridas," said Kumarsingh.

"Yes, my friend is right," interrupted Haridas. "The zamindar is indeed ■ great man. What I did, anybody would have done!"

This time the figure didn't burst into any laughter but quietly said, "I'm grateful to you."

While Haridas and Kumarsingh looked on, the terrifying figure changed into a beautiful gundharva. He bowed to Haridas and said, "Instead of claiming any merit yourself, you praised another ■■■■■. Your selfless words have ended my curse and I ■■■■ able to take once again my form as ■ gundharva. I am infinitely grateful to you." Then he turned to Kumarsingh and said, "I am indebted to you." So



saying he gave ■ piece of magic stone to him and disappeared.

For a long time Kumarsingh stood silent with the magic stone in his hands.

"Brother Haridas, take this," he said forwarding the stone. "You deserve it."

But Haridas didn't accept it.

The Vampire paused for ■ moment and then asked King Vikram in a challenging tone: O King, by what whim did the gundharva give the magic stone to Kumarsingh instead of giving it to Haridas? What else can it be if not an act of eccentricity? Answer ■■■■ if you can. Should you keep ■■■■ despite your

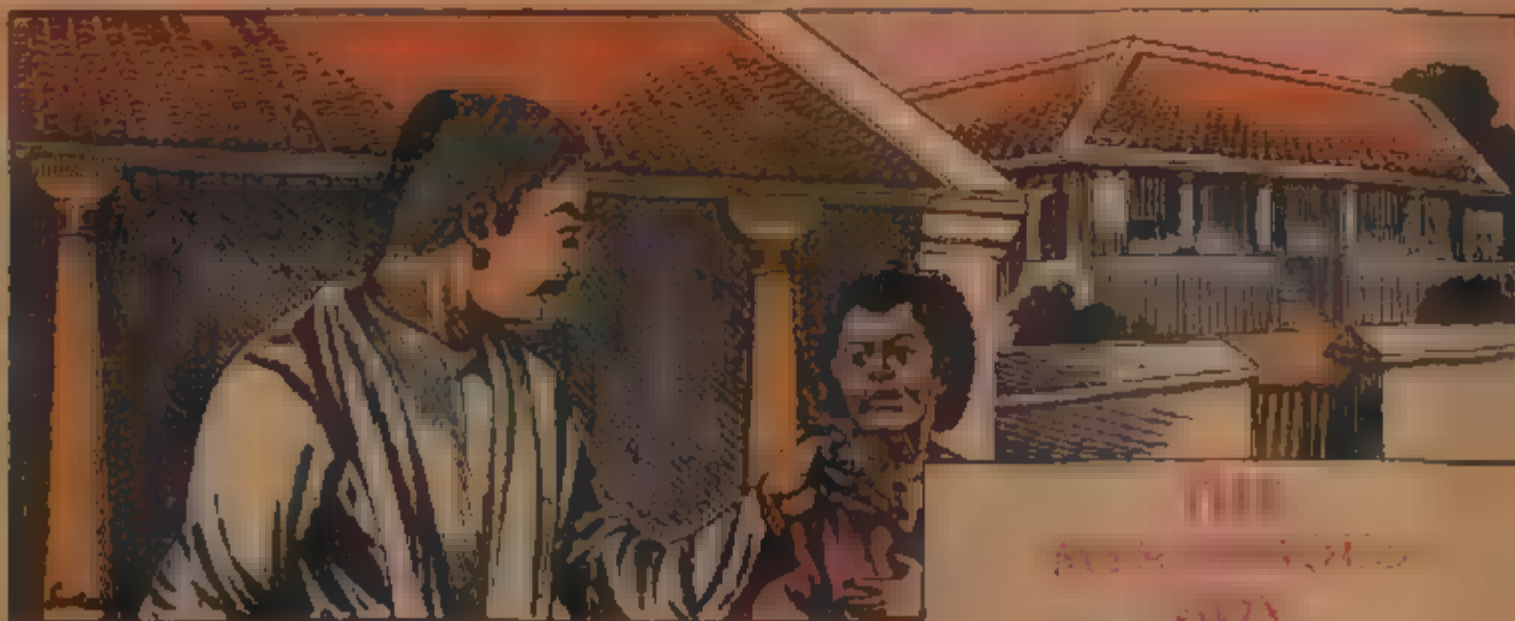
knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith replied King Vikram: The gundharva's action can be understood only if judged by a calm mind. We mustn't forget why the great sage had sent Kumarsingh to the cave. The sage's intention was to change Kumarsingh so that other people don't get influenced by his dishonest and rough ways. Haridas's greatness on the other hand liberated the gundharva of his curse. Seeing this, Kumarsingh himself became ashamed of his mean and selfish nature. He realised that much more can be gained by greatness than by his littleness and that's why he offered the magic stone to Haridas. The great sage had sent Kumarsingh

to the cave because, by obtaining the magic stone, he wouldn't resort to his bad ways for the stone would bring him ■ much wealth he desired. The gundharva observed that Haridas had no attraction for the stone. On the other hand, the gundharva felt indebted towards Kumarsingh because Haridas came there because of Kumarsingh. So he paid his debt by giving Kumarsingh the magic stone. But towards Haridas, the gundharva felt grateful. And gratitude can't be settled by gifts and things. It is expressed by the heart's pure good wishes and by prayer."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the Vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





On the banks of the river Shipra was a village called Raipur famous for a Shiva temple. Every year there took place a fair in the village, beginning two days before the sacred night and concluding a day after it. Thousands came to participate in the fair. They would bathe in the river, offer worship to Lord Shiva in the temple and enjoy the fair. This was so big an occasion that during these eight to ten days the village folk would leave behind their work and worries and only enjoy themselves.

In this village lived a farmer named Mangaram. He had an only child called Shobha whose birthday fell during the celebration of the fair. This year Mangaram's wife Kamala told him, "Tomorrow is our daughter's birthday. But the tailor hasn't

yet given her silk dress. If you can fetch it before dusk Shobha can wear it in the morning and go to the temple with us."

When Mangaram went to the tailor he found that he was still stitching the dress. Mangaram was asked to wait for a while. By the time the tailor finished with the dress and Mangaram started for home it was already dark.

Mangaram spied a boy sneaking out of his house. Mangaram had never seen him before. He became suspicious. He ran and caught him roughly by the collar and demanded in a gruff voice, "Who are you? Tell me the truth. What have you stolen from this house?"

The boy looked so frightened that no words came out of his mouth. Without a second thought Mangaram gave him a

resounding blow on the back and shouted, "Speak out, you burglar! What have you stolen?"

Hearing the commotion Mangaram's wife Kamala and daughter Shobha rushed out. Neighbours too came out of their houses. Someone shouted from the crowd, "What a shame! Stealing when he should be working. A good beating will bring him to his senses."

Immediately some blows descended on the boy.

"Wait, please. What stops you from searching the box before taking him to task?" said a tender voice. It was Shobha.

Mangaram thrust his hands into the boy's pockets. He found nothing but a few small coins!

The boy folded his hands and pleaded, "Sir, I'm not a thief. Let me go."

"There's a rumour that some strangers are on the prowl to kidnap our village children. May be he's one of them," commented a woman in a shrill tone.

Two young men, tearing themselves from the crowd, were about to fall upon the boy.

"Please, listen to me," pleaded the boy, "I haven't stolen anything. I only came



here to put a red bag beside the idol of the deity of the house. Go and ■■■ whether it is there or not."

Shobha rushed into the house and brought back ■ red bag. It was opened before all. It contained coins— two hundred rupees! Mangaram just could not understand how the bag came to be inside the house.

"Will you please explain?" ■ elderly man asked the boy.

Wiping his eyes, the young boy said, "I had thought of sneaking away without telling you anything about it. But now I should not hide anything."

He breathed in deeply and

resumed:

"Twelve years back I was very ill. The physician in the town advised my father to bring a little gold. He proposed to make an Ayurvedic medicine with crushed gold as an ingredient. My father ■■■ poor. He could not afford to buy gold. Then he remembered a friend of his in ■ nearby village. He decided to seek his help. But when my father reached his house he was told that the friend had gone to the fair in Raipur. So my father looked for him amidst the crowd here, but in vain. Tired and dejected, he started for home. As he was very thirsty after his





long journey, he knocked at this house and asked for water. Having quenched his thirst he turned to go when he saw ■ gold ring shining on the threshold of the house. He picked it up. At first he thought of returning it to the owner of the house but then my sick face came to his mind and he pocketed the ring and went back to the physician.

"Sir, I recovered. My father tried his best to repay your debt but he could not. Two months back he fell fatally ill. Last month, when his last minutes drew near, he called me beside him and revealed to me how he was indebted to the owner of

this house. He asked me not to spend too much money on his last rites. He instructed ■ to add two twenty rupees to the one hundred and eighty he had collected and give the amount to you. My father is no more. For my sake he took your precious ring. I left the bag beside the deity with prayers that my father's soul would be in peace. I had no desire to explain anything to anybody. But you caught me on my way out." The boy saluted Mangaram and walked away briskly, suppressing ■ sob.

There was silence. The boy had already disappeared when Mangaram thought that he should have apologised to the boy.

The crowd started dispersing. Some people were heard saying, "One shouldn't accuse anyone of anything without knowing the truth."

Mangaram turned to Shobha and said, "My daughter, you've got ■ very precious gift on your birthday. I shall make ■ gold chain for you."

"I think we should feed our friends and relatives," said Kamala.

Shobha hid the bag behind



her back and asked, "Father, how old am I?"

"You complete nine years of age today," replied Mangaram.

"Father, the young boy had said that the debt was twelve years old. Neither was I born then, nor did we own this house. Mother was saying that you bought this house only ten years back. So the ring belonged to Raman Grandpa who sold you this house. Father! We should

give this bag to him. He is ill and his sons don't look after him well. He's facing difficult times. This may ease his life a little."

Shobha gave out a loving giggle and ran away towards the house of the old man whom she called Grandpa.

Mangaram smiled at Kamala. "I'm proud of my daughter!" he commented.

"Do you mean to say I am not?" said Kamala mildly.

A NEW STUDENT

At the beginning of the session the teacher was busy organising her class. Along with the old students promoted from the lower class, there was a new student, Nini, transferred from another school.

"You may sit in this chair for the present," the teacher told Nini.

In the evening the little Nini complained to her mother, "I sat in that seat for the whole day, but she never gave the present!"



RAJI—THE GREAT HERO

Raji was the grandson of King Pururavas. During his time, there was nobody among the gods or the demons, not to speak of men, who could equal him in courage and battlecraft.

A battle was going to be fought between gods and demons. The gods asked Brahma, "What do you foresee to be the outcome of the battle?"

"Whichever side would enroll Raji's support, will emerge victorious," replied the great God.

What Brahma told the gods leaked out. The demons went to Raji and requested him to accept the generalship of their army. "Will you make me your king if you triumph?" asked Raji.

The demons could not agree to the condition because they had a commitment towards Prahlada—that he shall be their king; They went away disappointed. The gods agreed to Raji's condition and made him their general. Raji fought bravely and led them to victory.

Indra, the king of the gods, bowed to Raji and said, "Like a father protecting his children, you've protected us!"

"Since you look upon me as your father, I let you continue to be the king of the gods, for it is for a son to inherit his father's position or glory, not for a father to take up his son's position or glory," said Raji with a benevolent smile.





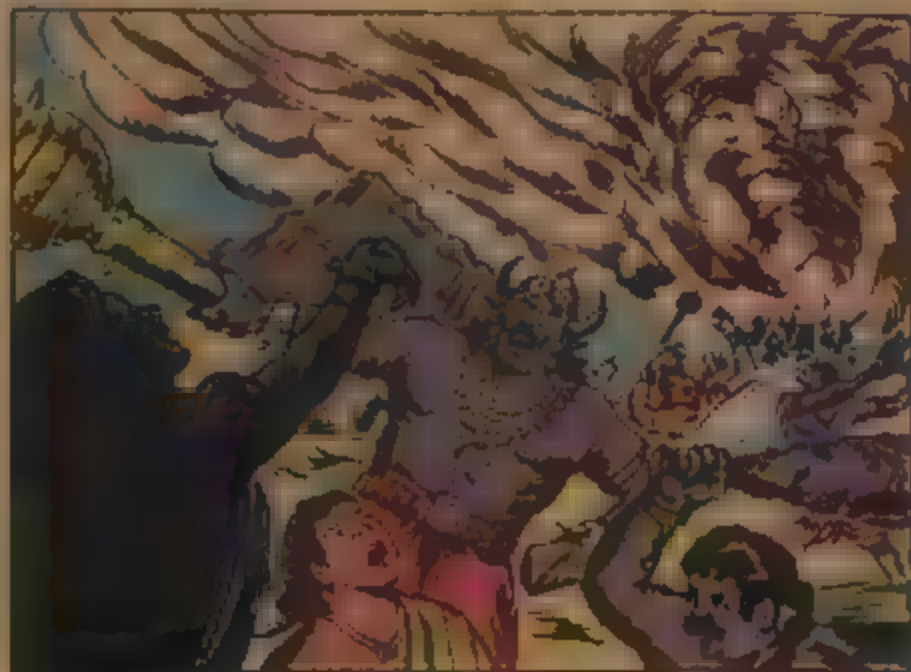
TEMPLES OF

CHAMUNDESWARI

**GODDESS DURGA ■ THE
DESTROYER ■ THE DEMON**

Once upon a time, long long ago, a terrible demon named Mahishasura began conquering the earth and heaven, chunk by chunk. He was a demon with the traits of a buffalo.

The gods fought with him, not one but several battles. Every time the demon emerged victorious. The earth shook at his tyranny. Day by day he grew more ferocious, lusty and ambitious.



The gods went to Vishnu. At His advice the gods sat in meditation around a Yajna. Out of their ardent prayers was formed an incarnation of the Divine Mother, Durga.



Once Goddess Durga came into being, Siva gave Her the trident and Indra gave Her the thunder. From different gods She received other powers and weapons. She rode a grand lion and went over to the Vindhya mountains.

Mahishasura was told about the strange lady who was unique in beauty. He saw Her from distance and was charmed. He sent the proposal to marry Her. He was furious when she was rebuffed.



Mahishasura's lieutenants approached the Goddess and tried to capture Her. They were vanquished. Then went Mahishasura himself. He fought and fell and breathed his last pressed by a foot of the Goddess.

After the demon was vanquished, Goddess Durga relaxed on a charming hill for a while. No wonder that the hill should become a sacred spot for all times to come.



Famous as Chamundi Hill, this spot situated at a distance of 13 km from the city of Mysore commemorates this episode of a mythical past with a temple dedicated to Goddess Chamundeswari, as Mother Durga is known.

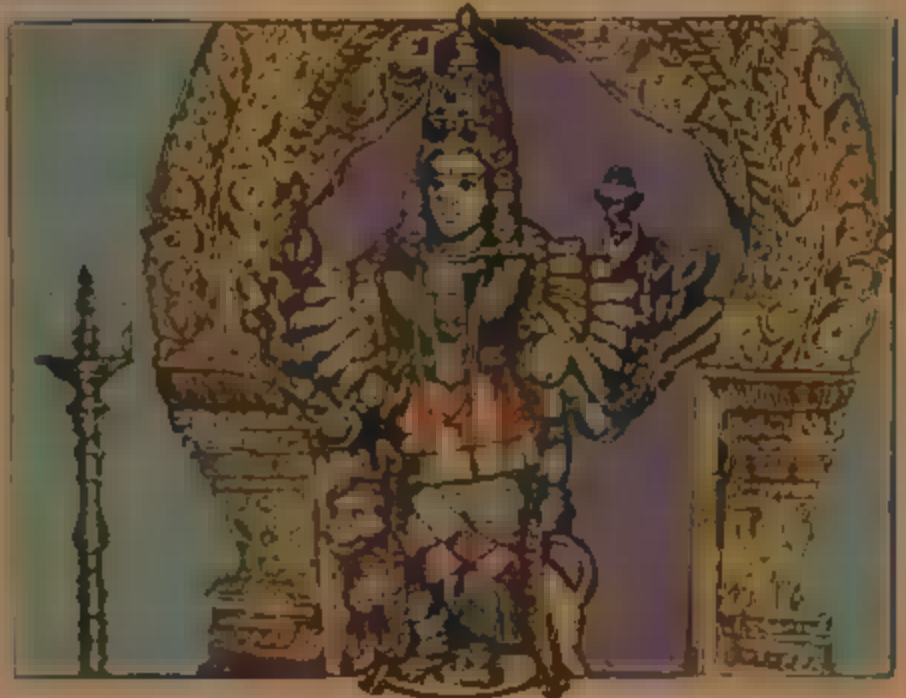
Magnificent steps numbering a thousand, lead to the temple at a height of 3489 feet above the sea level. The other temple on the Chamundi hills is that of Mahabaleswara, a name of Lord Siva.





On the way to the hilltop is to be seen a magnificent figure of Nandi, the sacred bull of Lord Siva. The figure is cut out of a single rock. The bells around its neck look like metal ones, though they are of stone.

The image of the Goddess is highly impressive. She has a golden lion which looks alive. From the temple precincts the region looks enchanting.



Devotees have trekked to the hilltop even when the spot was almost inaccessible. The annual Navaratri festival draws numerous people from all over the country.

CATCHING THE KOTWAL

A sepoy saw a young man moving about suspiciously at the foot of a hill near the Golconda Fort.

"Who are you. What are you doing here?" asked the sepoy. The young man looked nervous. He said something which the sepoy could not understand. That day a merchant from another kingdom had been murdered. The authorities suspected that the murderer was a young man who too came from another kingdom.

The sepoy suspected the stranger to be the murderer and caught hold of him. Then he led him to the Kotwal who knew a number of languages.

"Confess to committing the murder, young man, for we have more than necessary proof against you," said the Kotwal.

The young man seemed nervous again and said, "Sir, your suspicion is right. I did it."

"What does he say, Sir?" asked the sepoy who did not know the language in which the young man and the Kotwal talked.

"He has confessed to his crime," said the Kotwal. Then, turning to the young man again, he asked, "What did you do to the jewels the merchant had with him?"

"Sir, I have hidden them in a pit behind the fort. I will give them to you if you kindly let me leave your town," said the young man.

"What does he say, Sir? Is it something about the merchant's jewels?"

"Oh, no. He does not know anything about it. In fact, he is not the murderer. I had misunderstood his statement. Very well, sepoy, you may go," said the Kotwal.

Suddenly the young man revealed his identity to the Kotwal — through an insignia he carried. He was Salim Khan, a minister of the Nawab.

"We had been reported of your corrupt practice. We just wanted to be sure." He said and then he asked the sepoy to arrest the Kotwal.





THE VALIANT

Mahendra Singh ■ ■ big zamindar who had lately bought an estate far from his villa. He had not been paid the taxes due to him by the inhabitants of the estate. Mahendra Singh consulted his dewan.

"Should we wait for our subjects to send the taxes themselves?" he asked.

"Sir," replied the dewan. "It would not be wise on our part to wait and expect the people to ■ ■ and pay the taxes by themselves. If once they get the idea that they ■ ■ delay the payment of the taxes, they will continue to do so. We must not let them take advantage of our leniency. So I propose to go myself and collect the taxes."

Mahendra agreed to the proposal and the very next day the dewan set out for the distant estate with four of his servants.

For ■ week they collected taxes from the subjects.

At the end of the week four big bags of coins had been collected, for notes were not in vogue then. The servants carefully carried them on their backs and started for home. The dewan rode ahead on ■ horse.

They were delayed because of heavy rains. The road became muddy. They had been sure of reaching the zamindar's villa by evening. But that was not to be. It was evening when they reached a lakeside. "It's getting to be night I shall ride straight home. What would you like to do?"

The servants understood the dewan's desire. One of them replied, "Sir, we ■ ■ absolutely exhausted. We would like ■ ■ spend the night under this banyan tree. We will cook our



food here, rest and start for home at dawn."

"All right. Do that and guard the money well." So saying the dewan galloped away. Needless to say, the four servants were trusted ones and strong enough to protect the wealth they were carrying.

The servants cooked their food, ate and sat talking around the money bags. After some time, one of the servants named Rajasingh fell asleep. The others too felt sleepy. Suddenly, through the thick foliage of the banyan tree came an eerie sound. Frightened, the three servants looked up and saw ■

terrible figure with long untidy hair. Beginning to descend, it growled, "What courage! You dare sleep under my tree?" The very next moment the ghastly figure was almost upon them but the frightened servants bolted for their lives, shrieking in terror. Rajasingh was also rudely awakened from his sleep. He saw his friends disappearing fast into the night.

The three servants ran for two hours and reached the zamindar's house by midnight. Panting, they narrated their story and almost collapsed from exhaustion before their master could scold them for their cowardly conduct.

The zamindar gathered a few men and along with the dewan set out for the spot from where the servants had fled. When they reached the banyan tree they saw Rajasingh guarding the money bags. He sat on two bags while his hands were spread on the other two.

Mahendra was all praise for him. Then he galloped away. When Rajasingh and the others returned home, they found the whole village buzzing with the story of Rajasingh's bravery.

Back at home, Rajasingh



found that the zamindar had sent ■ reward of ■ thousand rupees to his wife.

"What's all this I hear? Did you ... did you ..." the wife asked lowering her voice. She was not required to complete her question. Rajasingh carefully looked ■ around to make sure no one ■ listening to them. Then he smiled and told his wife, "Only that witch and I know how brave I am! When I saw that witch descending, I too

wanted to run away. But, my limbs got stiff from fright and I could not move. ■ fainted. I woke up when I heard the sound of horse-hooves and heard the voice of the zamindar and the others.

"Well, well," laughed Rajasingh's wife. Don't you breathe ■ word of this to any one!"

Soon the people started referring to Rajasingh as Rajasingh the Valiant!

■ ■ ■ LITTLE HOOK

The student read in ■ flat tone the sentence "Where ■ you going?" He did not give any emphasis on the mark of interrogation at the end of the sentence.

"No, not like that. Read it as though you are asking ■ question. Don't you ■ that little mark at the end of the sentence? Don't ignore it. Take due note of it," said the teacher.

Dutifully the student read the sentence over: "Where ■ you going, little hook?"



WHY THERE A GO

Once upon a time, long long ago, there was an old woman in a certain village. She had enough at home to let her lead a comfortable life. Besides, she was lazy. So she did no work. But that does not mean that she did nothing! She spent all her time gossiping and criticising people and spreading scandals. She was curious about

everybody's affairs. Nobody dared to stop her or take her to task. That was because she was sure to invent stories about anybody who criticised her.

One day, as she was passing by a forest, she saw a young lady. "Granny," said the young lady, "Will you please hold my bag for a moment? I shall drink from the spring and take it back



from you. For your help, I will reward you."

"I will hold it," said the old woman, all smiles.

"But, Granny, you must not open it. If you do, I will lose its content and you will lose your form," warned the young lady.

"Why should I do anything like that?" said the old woman. The young lady went over to the spring to satiate her thirst.

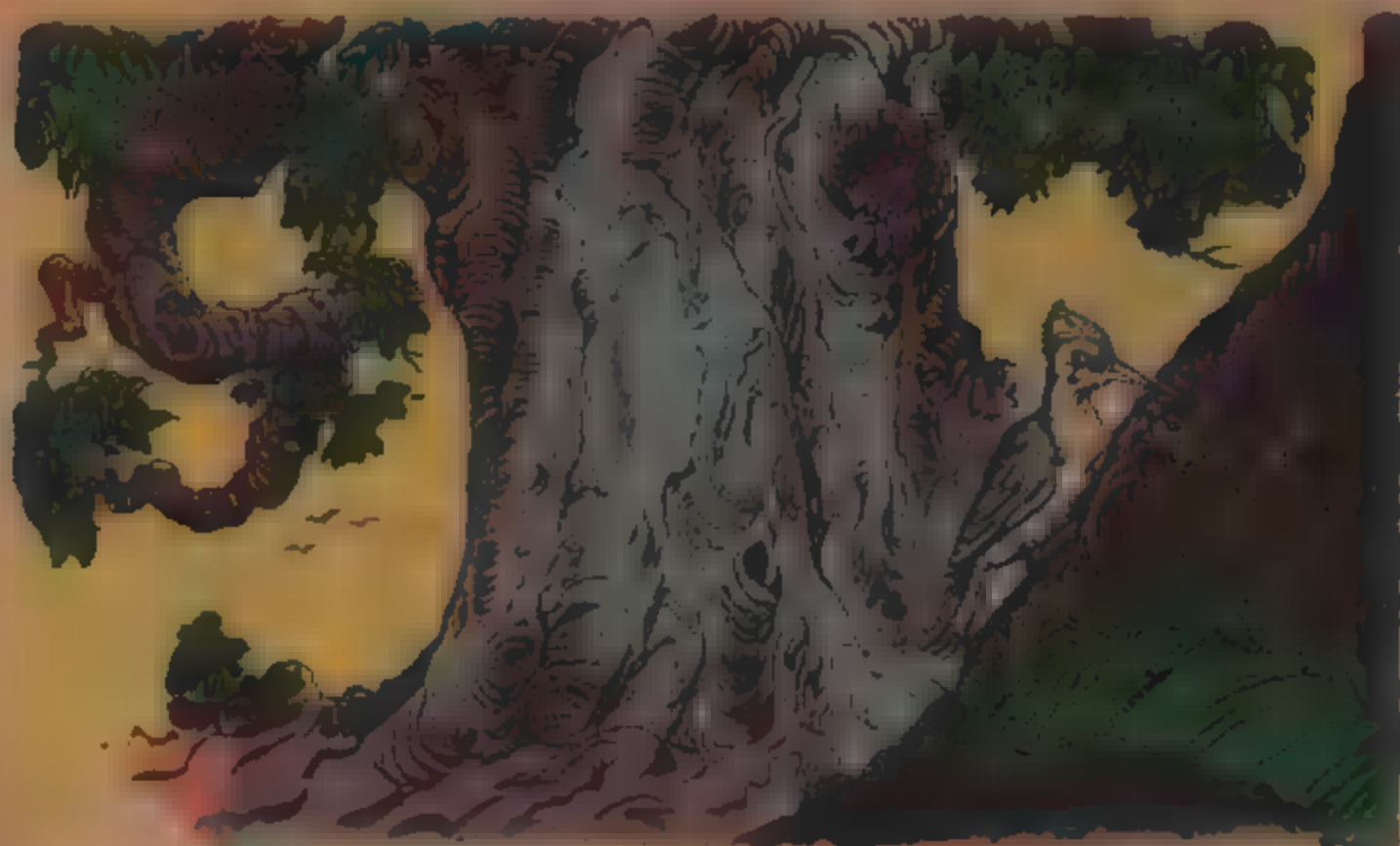
But as soon as she turned her back, the old woman, out of idle curiosity, opened the bag. Immediately a hundred tiny creatures—lizards, scorpions, vipers, flies, cockroaches and dragonflies—jumped out of it. In

the twinkling of an eye they disappeared into the forest.

The young lady, who was none other than a goddess, told the woman, "You, fool, can't you be true to your word even for a moment? Now, you must recover all that is lost from the bag. For that you have to change your form."

Instantly the old woman's human form was gone. She became a woodpecker. She began pecking at the trees in the forest. Till today you can see the woodpecker searching for those little creatures which escaped from the bag!

—Retold by Samanta Reddy.



DID YOU KNOW ?

Agastya, a Bengali Sadhu, raised his right arm in 1902 and never brought it down until his death in 1912. He was fulfilling a vow. A bird built a nest and laid eggs on his open palm.



Lord Egerton who lived in a Paris hotel suite for many years partook of his dinner with no human guests, but his dogs, about a dozen in number. They were attired with napkins and an attendant stood behind each of them in attention. According to a journal (1826), the dogs behaved with a decency and decorum which would do more than honour a party of gentlemen."

For half of the world's population rice is the main food.



Four million tons of hydrogen dust are destroyed in the sun every second. The sun burns nine million tons of gas a second. At this rate of spending its gas, the sun may totally burn itself out in ten billion years.

Queen Elizabeth of England had 3,000 gowns at a time.



WHEN PIGS FLY!

"Grandpa, you know, my friend Harihar has a tuft of hair at the back of his head which is longer than the rest of the hair on his head. That he keeps to oblige his grandfather who is quite orthodox and who believes that not to retain the tuft will be a sacrilege. The problem is, some of our friends refer to the tuft as pigtail. Harihar does not like it, nor do I. If the tuft on one's head is pigtail, by what name to call a pig's tail?" asked Rajesh.

"The word is likely to be misunderstood. It is better to avoid it. The word *pig* means other things apart from swine—a brush or scraper, for example. Pig also means a kind of vessel and not water-bottle. Hence the word is not necessarily derogatory, at least not as derogatory in English as in many of the Indian languages. In English even a policeman is called a pig, in slang of course. Nobody takes it to be insulting", said Grandpa Chowdhury.

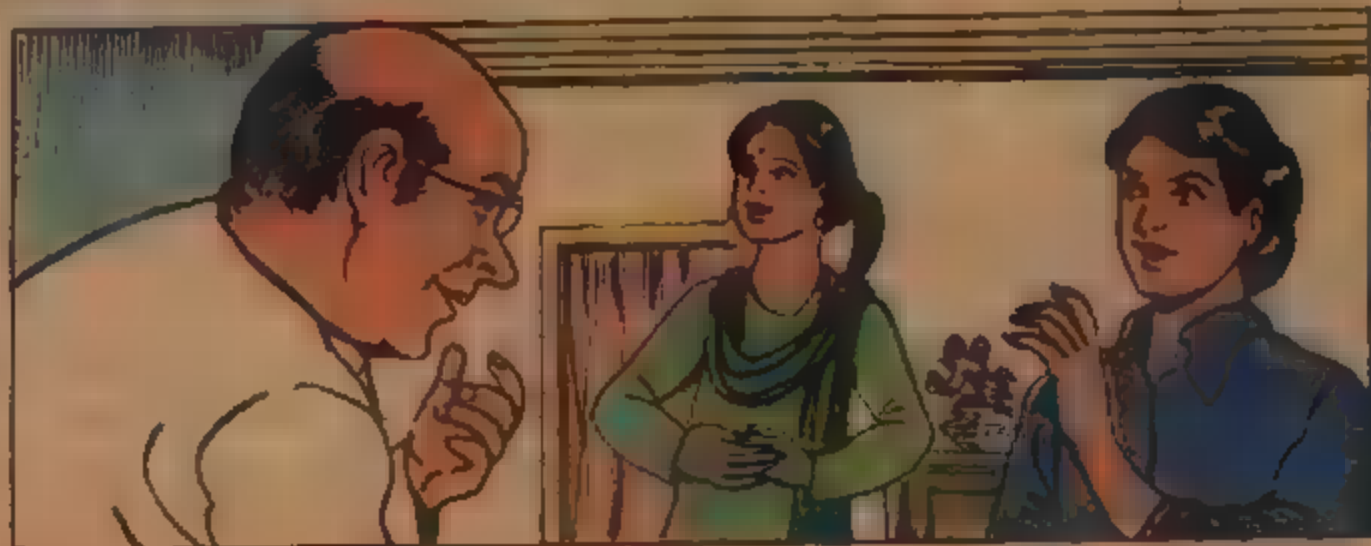
"I think the English language does not look at animals as we do. Can you ever think of a food-stuff being called anything that might mean *hot-dog* in any Indian language?" observed Reena.

"You are right Reena," said Grandpa. "*Pig* is not a derogatory term. A woman who roasts pigs at fairs is called a *pig-woman*. The other day Mr. Robinson, our guest, complimented us saying that he made a pig of himself at our house!"

"Why did he say so, Grandpa? He did not behave in any uncivilised manner in our house!" wondered Rajesh.

Grandpa laughed. "*Make a pig of oneself* means to overindulge in food," he explained. "Pig figures in several other phrases. *Pig's whisper* means a very short space of time.

If I say, your mother will cease to be loving when 'pigs fly,' what I mean is she will never cease to be loving. *To drive pigs* means to snore. *To go to Pigs and whistles* means to be ruined. *A pig in a poke* means a blind bargain," added Grandpa.





LET US KNOW

Refer to the July issue of Chendamama. There is a discrepancy in regard to the time of Aryabhatta, in *Let Us Know* and in *Did You Know?* Which date is correct?

— Lalit Kumar Singh, Imphal and
R.K. Kumar, Bombay.

The discrepancy crept in because there were two Aryabhatts. Although some scholars think that it was the second Aryabhatta who discovered the fact of the earth going round the sun, authentic research has established that it was the earlier Aryabhatta, who lived in the 5th century, who gave the theory in his work named *Aryabhatta-tantra*. He wrote it when he was 23 years of age, while living in Kusumapura (modern Patna).

Why is Leonardo Da Vinci's Mona Lisa so famous? What is ■ enchanting about it?

— Vinay Thakur, Hyderabad.

It is difficult to explain art, it is to be felt. Mona Lisa is enchanting not for its physical contours or remarkably well-balanced figure, but for the quality of the artist's inspiration which passes into us when we observe it calmly and keenly. Mona Lisa's smile is mysterious because while being charmed by it, we cannot say what it means. There ■ many explanations. One that seems closest to truth is this: "Clearly, the Mona Lisa embodies a quality of maternal tenderness which was to Leonardo the essence of womanhood." (H.W. Janson, Professor of Fine Arts, New York University in *A History of Art*.)

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PICKS FROM THE WISE

A learned fool is more foolish than an ignorant fool.

— Moliere

What you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

— Sprat

Reprove thy friend privately; command him publicly.

— Solon



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FEATURES AND FICTION FOR TODAY AND TOMORROW



*"The day I discovered my first pimple,
was the day I discovered Clearasil".*



I can still remember the day. And how excited I was. My elder sister's wedding was just a week away. So there I was trying on my new clothes before the mirror, when horror of horrors, I noticed something on my cheek ... a pimple. My very first pimple. My first thought was ... oh no, not now!

Just then my didi walked in and saw my face. She said "Arre pagli, everybody gets pimples at this age. I did too. And I used Clearasil. So should you." So I did. And guess what...it worked!

Now I don't need to tell you, I really enjoyed myself at the wedding.

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